tesight to the verge of our shaded path, a regular windrows sweeps the swath. The behind it stretches away, lumed at the sides by tawny apray, and opening, lengthening on to us, like the Red Sea path of the Exodus. Through the shallowing waves, as the gray-beard reel.

reel.
Faster and fuller now swings the steel.
With a flery flash, as the sunbeams writhe
From tip to hasp of the sweeping scylie.
There, following, is the sheaf-piled wain,
With the steeds neck-deep in the golden grain. And now, to breathe from their task-work sore, The dripping tollers have reached the shore. But a cooling draught from the bubbling spring, A jest, a laugh and some bantering. Brown foreheads brushed of the shiring sweat, Like jewels of honor there proudly set, And then, with their backs to the shaven lea,

Another plunge in the amber sea.

A hazy music pervades the air,
From thicket, and meadow, and near parterrs;
As if, the leaf-coverts and flowers among,
The sleepy soul of the sunshine sung.
From the velvety edge of this darling dell
Luxurious languors softly swell,
To inil the spirit and woo the sense
To day-dream, sloth and indolence.
But sweeter, pleasanter far to me
Than wird, or bird, or droning bee,
That tusty shout, so cheery and blithe,
That ringing sound of the whetting scythe.
It speaks of laurels nobly was
By the good strong arm in the good strong sun—
Of energies, heavenly seconded,
To wrest from earth's bosom the boon of thad
For wife and little ones—charity—
And the hungry myriads ever the sea!
It sings a song, and an echo springs
World-wide and clear, as the scythe-blade rings,
Telling of man and his dignity,
His hope to be noble, his right to be free—
If the God-like power in his bosom unfurled,
Of the brawn and body and soul of the world!

—Puckard a Monthly for August.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Little Here.

In the city of Hartford, Connecticut, lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure, which made him for a time famous in his native town, hap-

pened several years ago.

Cur hero was then a bright, active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 18—, the father worked in a factory; about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy car-ried him his dinner across a wide piece of

cut off his boots, that he might work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, take breath, and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had yet gone through, for the side of the well being from that point completely covered with ice, he must cut with his knife grasp-

fully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little here lifted up his heart to God, and prayed fervently for help, fearing he could

ing from the deeps, and pitied him. He ure of calmness and courage, strengthen-ing him to work out his own deliverance It is in this way that God oftenest answers our prayers, when we call upon him in time of trouble.

ward, inch by inch. His wet stockings st, panting out his breath in little white ids on the clear, frosty air. He had been two hours and a half in the

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the fac-The poor man was obliged to go without

his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening, with tears in his eyes, to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him, He must have been very proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him up in his own warm overcoat, and took him home to

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him, and thanked God for him!—Grace Green-

Death of a Hero.

Another of the most distressing events which mark with almost certain fatality every bathing season, occurred here on below the residence of William Jennings. One of them, William Bessey, son of widow William Bessey, could swim a little, the others could not. A son of William Finney got beyond his depth, and was struggling for his life, which young Bessey noticing, immediately swam to his relief, and succeeded in pushing him so far in shore that the life of his little and succeeded with the said was a struggling for his little and succeeded in pushing him so far in shore that the life of his little and succeeded with the said was the said was a struggling for his little and succeeded with the said was a succeeded with the said was a struggling for his little and succeeded with the said was struggling for his life, which you was succeeded with the said was struggling for his life, which you wa made for its resuscitation, but without avail. The loss of the boy, who was uning weight upon his poor mother; but terrible as is her loss, none could choose a nobler death for man or boy than the giv-ing up of his life in saving that of another. No more fitting inscription can be placed over the grave of that heroic boy of eleven years, than that "he lost his life in saving another's." Surely there is not a man or the memory of little Willie Bessey .- Nor-

COLUMBIA

By Alfred S. Horsley.

THE PROPHETIC PISTOL,

"And that," said I, " is pretty nearly all that I have to tell you."

The above words formed the peroration of a synopsis of several years' traveling, communicated by me to a fellow-passenger from Helsingfors to Stockholm, as we leaned over the side of the good ship Viberg, and watched the countless groups of rocky islets, crested with green foliage, which arose on every side from the smooth transparent sea. My auditor was 2 long, lean, wiry American, with a cold clear eye, and a look of indomitable firmness in every line of his pinched sallow face, which gave him the aspect (to quote from a pugnacious friend of mine) "of a man you would like to be back to back with in

"Wal, stranger," remarked he at the close of my narrative, "yu hev bin about a bit, I reckon: but yu hain't seen much, and what's more, yu hain't done much neither."

My dignity was somewhat ruffled by this plain-spoken criticism; for I privately regarded myself as a second Sinbad, on the stronger of the sententiously; "yu hev got on the wrong ferryboat in making that air statement. I mean to tell yu that I've found it necessary at different pe-ri-ods o' my life, to rub out eleven human critters who must otherwise hev offered the same ci-vility to me; and I calc'late yu don't call that murderin's Thar's one was the sententiously; "yu hev got on the wrong ferryboat in making that air statement. I mean to tell yu that I've found it necessary at different pe-ri-ods o' my life, to rub out eleven human critters who must otherwise hev offered the same ci-vility to me; and I calc'late yu don't call that murderin's Thar's one was the sententiously; "yu hev got on the wrong ferryboat in making that air statement. I mean to tell yu that I've found it necessary at different pe-ri-ods o' my life, to rub out eleven human critters who must other wise hev offered the same ci-vility to me; and I calc'late yu don't call that murderin's and sententiously; "yu hev got on the wrong ferryboat in making that air statement. I mean to tell yu that I've found it necessary at the sententiously; "yu hev got on the wrong ferryboat in making that air statement. I mean to tell yu that I've found it necessary at the sententiously; "yu hev got on the wrong ferryboat in making that air statement."

strength of a moderate acquaintance with the majority of the countries which figure on the tourist's visiting list. Moreover, my listener had himself provoked my com-municativeness by a series of searching questions upon every point of my per-sonal history, from the color of my grand-father's hair to the amount of pocket-money allowed me at Rugby. Consequently, there was, perhaps, a shade of acrimony in my tone as I replied: "I've done what I could; but, of course, every-

mark ye, it's cause I've looked about me, and fixed for doin' somethin' wharever I went, 'stead o' trailin' about with my eyes mark ye, it's cause I've looked about me, and fixed for doin' somethin' wharever I man that I'm bound to rub out bime by, went, 'stead o' trailin' about with my eyes shet and my hands in the pockets o' my panteys, like som folk. Now, I'll tell yu how yu Britishers travel t yu jest foller the railway track right square from one "Wal, jest this way; whenever I meet a man that I'm bound to rub out bime by, the hammer o' this re-volver's sure to gin a softer click—so—jest to show that he knows his dooty 'spectin' that air individ ooal; and he never makes a mistake, he the railway track right square from one "Wal, jest this way; whenever I meet a man that I'm bound to rub out bime by, the hammer o' this re-volver's sure to gin a softer click—so—jest to show that he knows his dooty 'spectin' that air individ ooal; and he never makes a mistake, he don't."

house. So at last he concluded that if he was saved at all he must save himself, and began at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick, and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket knife, cut off his boots, that he might work to comethin', I guess, if he had a mind to."

There were advantage. There with his flood of extempore criticism.

"Wal, I fixed to do somethin' and I done it; leastways, a man that's been a teamster in the Rocky Mountains, a gold-digger in Australey, a sailor in the Injine Ocean, a storekeeper at Shanghai, a newspaper editor at San Franciskey, and an agent for one notion or another in every country in Europe, mout say he'd done somethin', I guess, if he had a mind to."

"And have you really done all that?"

"Wal, I fixed to do somethin' and I done it; leastways, a man that's been a teamster in the Rocky Mountains, a gold-digger in Australey, a sailor in the Injine Ocean, a storekeeper at Shanghai, a newspaper editor at San Franciskey, and an agent for one notion or another in every country in Europe, mout say he'd done somethin', I guess, if he had a mind to."

"And that air weepun's a prophet, words, and that air weepun's a prophet, say that I wouldn't hev bin glad, one time; or catch him slippin'—and freezin good tew; but you mout as well 'spect Gin'ral Grant to be 'fraid, as this weepun to tell a lie."

"And that one time—what was it?" asked I.

"Wal, seein' it's you said that air weepun's a prophet, words, and that air weepun's a prophet, words, and that air weepun's a prophet, words, and the wouldn't hev bin glot or catch him slippin'—and freezin good tew; but you mout as well 'spect Gin'ral Grant to be 'fraid, as this weepun to tell a lie."

"And that one time—what was it?"

jar, and I ain't done yet. Guess I'm like John Brown's soul in the old song—I 'go a-marchin' on' pretty consid'able, and it'll 'cause of a big fire they'd hed thar once take a while to tire me of it tew."

"And do you always travel alone, then?"

"Reckon I do, leastways, what yu'd call alone. I've got a bosom-friend here, though," he added with a strange chuckle, ned a dollar, that un war good for fifty putting his head into his hyperty received.

fitted with a spring bayonet, and orna-mented about the stock with eleven studs

which would be completed by the addition of a twelfth.

"Aln't that a friend, now, stranger?" said the Transatlantic exultantly; "and good friends we've been, him and me; I never mistrusted him but once, and that war down in Australey, when I war gold-diggin up Turon way. Two fellers cum to my tent one night, 'cause they'd hearn as I'd a heap o' gold thar, and they thought o' bein' so kind as to relieve me o' the 'sponsibility o' gardin' it. I hearn 'em and to me alive agin. But all the while thar war one thot hanging' in my mind like a risin' cloud in summer, that spiles the look of the hull sky—and that war down in Australey, when I war gold-diggin' up Turon way. Two fellers cum to my tent one night, 'cause they'd hearn as I'd a heap o' gold thar, and they thought was such as a compassionate judge might use in pronouncing sentence of death; and to me, guessing as I did what was to 'sponsibility o' gardin' it. I hearn 'em creepin' in, and o' course the fost thing I did war to slap all six barrels into 'em, jest to give 'em a hint not to call a'ter visitin'

"I used to me, guessing as I did what was to come, it had a sound indescribably dreary and ominous.

"I used to try and laugh myself out'o to see anythin', and all the rest o' that night my feelin's ain't to be 'scribed, no-how!" quarrelin' 'ud be like a man cutting hisself in half, and fightin' right hand agin left.' But let me talk as I liked, the thot stuck

being true to me for so many years, were startin' off to Burnt Clearin' to see his more n I could bear!" (The pathos with which he said this was indescribable.) "I Boston on some business of my own. Wal, felt particler cheap all that night, so I tell even in cum, and a ter licker in up a spell, ye; yu might hav bought me for a cent, any time 'fore morning.' But as soon as it war light, I cum out, and thar I seen one feller lyin' dead before the tent-door, and a track o' blood all whar t'other had run and what with the licker we'd hed, and

man, whose conscience has just been re-lieved of some overwhelming burden, can-and my right hand flew out as if somebody

not be conveyed in words. "I daresay you'd hardly guess, now, stranger, that I fust saw this revolver in a in a clearin'. (He war a fine feller, bigger'n ing him so far in shore that the life of his little playmate was saved, but at the sad cost of his own. He was observed to sink, but no aid could be procured until too late to save the heroic little fellow's life. His body was soon recovered, and every effort made for its resuscitation, but without smashed: and a'ter I'd sot by the kitchenfire for a spell, and done a tol'able stroke
o' supper, I began to feel a leetle drowsy.
I warn't to say asleep, but jest so as if yu'd
spoke to me sudden, I'd hev thought a
minute 'fore I answered—when, all to
once, I seen father stannin' right 'fore me,
with his big straw hat o' one side, and his
high-boots and striped shirt-sleeves, and
his hands in his pockets (that war the only
ghost-like thing 'bout him, for while he
war alive they war mostly in some one
else's) and he says to me, says he: 'Cv.

away the smell o' that air blow—cum out
into the forest.' The sun war settin', and
everythin' war dead still, as if waitin' to
see what we'd do. I follered him out
readily 'nuff, for I war cool as an icicle,
now I know'd the job hed got to cum
through; but when I seen the dyin' light
streamin' down the shadowy arches of the
forest, and the everlastin' trees stannin' ou
put all and grand, and whisperin' with all
their leaves, as if God war speakin'
their leaves, as if God war speakin'
their leaves, as if God war speakin'
their leaves, is an incide,
forest, and the everlastin' trees stannin' ou
put all and grand, and whisperin' with all
their leaves, as if God war speakin'

Against such confirmatory evidence it would have been useless to argue; and I readily assented, only venturing to inquire into the mystery of the singularly arranged studs on the stock of the pistol.

"Wal, stranger," returned my companion, "yu wouldn't guess the trick o' them studs in a hurry, so I'll tell you. Each o' them air studs on that revolver stands for the life of a man that him and me hev clared off. There's eleven on 'em altogether, and I recon that's a pretty tol'able stroke o' work for one man and one weepun."

dences, this cool, complacent statement fairly staggered me for a moment. "Good Heaven!" I gasped, "do you mean to tell me that you have murdered eleven men?" "No, stranger," replied he slowly and

Thar's one wantin' yet to complete the dozen, as yu see; but," added he cheerfulfully, "that won't be long a coming." I "The old tannibal!" said I mentally

"he talks of killing people as if he were only collecting photographs. Pray Heaven he may not take it into his head to add me to his museum!" weepun," pursued the Yankee; "I can al-ways tell at fust sight o' a man whether

"How's that," asked I, not without a se-"Wal, yu air about right thar," returned he, taking my words literally; "I've seen a few things in my time, I reckon; but, a few things in my time, I reckon; but, "Wal, jest this way; whenever I meet a "Wal, jest

I'm a-gwine to kill him some day or not."

"And have you really done all that?"

asked I, somewhat startled at the catalogue.

"Reckon I hev; I've been kinder movin'
round ever sin' I was as big as a molasses

"Wal, seein' it's yu, stranger, I don't mind tellin', though I ain't so precious spry at talkin' on that air subject, I swear.

It's a good few years now sin' I happened has that; and what's more, he speaks or holds his tongue just as I please, which 'taint every man as 'ud do!"

And with this enigmatical preface, he produced a small but very handsome revolver, drowned in floodtime, when my canoe got Jonathan cum alive agin. But all the

creepin' in, and o' course the fust thing I did war to slap all six barrels into 'em, jest to give 'em a hint not to call a'ter visitin' hours. I hearn a screech, and then a pattin' o' feet runnin' off; but it war too dark to see anythin', and all the rest o' that air '! Why, to think o' our possible, that ain'! Why, to think o' our possible, that air'! Why, to think o' our possible, that air'! Why, to think o' our possible, that air'! Our possible, that air'! Why, to think o' our possible, that air'! Our possible, that air'! Why, to think o' our possible think of the country of the country of the country our possible the country "Ah, you were afraid you had killed one of them, I suppose?" said I, pleased at this solitary touch of humanity in my grisly acquaintance.

"Killed! why, darn it, stranger, d'ye want to insult me! No, by Jingo! I war 'fraid I'd missed one on 'em! and to have my own revolver miss a close range, a'ter heing true to me for so many years were startin' off to Burnt Clearin' he see his culty in finding the letters of introduction

off, jest like a strick o' molasses 'cross a buckwheat cake; and, says I, 'Thank Heaven, I've hit 'em both!' and the weight that war taken off my mind in that air moment—stranger, thar ain't no 'scribin' layer trade if I'd known that my pardner in 'burnary' hut a darmed mean first showin'. war nothin' but a darned mean flint-shavin The real fervor of his tone as he uttered thief o' a Yankee. At them words a the last sentence, with all the air of a good shiver ran all through me like them 'lec-

"Good Heaven!" says I, revolted at this cold-blooded butchery, "could you not have spared the man's life, even then?"
"Stranger," replied the old slaughterer, with indescribable dignity," "if you want to find a critter so cussed mean as to hurt a man's feelin's by sparin' him a'ter he's been whipped in a fair fight, I guess yu'd better not come to Cyrus Jehosaphat Flint! Now, then, I calc'late we'd best be lookin' a'ter our fixin's, for them's the spires o' Stockholm shinin' yonder."

And, so speaking, he turned upon his heel and vanished into the cabin.

Anecdotes of Rothschild.

ROTHSCHILD had few tastes or pleasures out of the Stock Exchange and his counting-house, in St. Swithin's lane. When Louis Spohr, the great German musician, called on him in June, 1820, with a letter of introduction from his brother in Frank-fort, he said to him, "I understand nothing of music. This," patting his pocket, and rattling the loose coins therein, "is my music; we understand that on 'Change." Money-making was the one pursuit and enjoyment of Rothschild's life. He cared less than many do for the money when it was made. "He had no taste or inclination," says one of his friends, "for what every Englishman seeks as soon as he has

perity to the readiness with which Rolls-child, seeing good business qualities in the young men around him, helped them on with his great influence. There were cases in which he went out of his way to put exceptional opportunities of money-making in the way of his favorites. Even his charities, according to his own confession, were eccentric, and chiefly indulged n for his own entertainment. "Somebeggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mis-take, and, for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to

give a beggar a guinea, sometimes; it is very amusing."

A saying attributed to him 'gives evidence, if true, of some humor. Once, it is said, a German prince, visiting London, brought letters of credit to the banker He was shown into the inner room of the famous counting-house in St. Swithin's lane, where Rothschild sat busy with a heap of papers. The name being an-nounced, Rothschild nodded, offered his visitor a chair, and then went on with the prince, who expected that everything should give way to one of his rank and dignity, was not prepared. Standing a minute or two, he exclaimed. "Did you ute or two, he exclaimed, "Did you not hear, sir, who I am? I am"—repeating his titles. "Oh, very well," said Rothschild, "take two chairs then." At another time two strangers were ad mitted into the same private room. They were tall foreigners, with mustaches and city thirty or forty years ago, and Roths-child, always timid, was frightened from the moment of their entrance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited move-ments with which they fumbled about in pinioned, and then, after long questionings and explanations, it appeared that they were wealthy bankers from the Continent, who, nervous in the presence of a banker so much more wealthy, had had some diffi-

which they were to present.-Famous London Merchants. Death from a Scientific Point of View. IT is a law of nature that whatever has

a beginning must also have an end, the idea of death itself being associated with But this term of life, the moment that reduces to inert matter the body which life had animated, may arrive sooner or later, accidentally or naturally. Accidental death happens when one of the essential organs of life, from some

cipal organs being the brain, lungs and The action of the brain, however, may be almost wholly suppressed, and yet life continue; breathing may be for some time suspended, and yet life linger within; but when the beating of the heart cease;

more rapid from its cause acting more im-mediately on the circulating centre; it may

happen at all ages, although it is much more frequent in the earlier than the later stages of existence. Natural death is much rarer; accidents or disease almost always consuming life before the period primitively fixed upon o'supper, the gant of eel a leetled rows.
I warn't to say asleep, but jest so as if yu'd spoke to me sudden, I'd hev thought a more of less and incidence of the same of the s

Nathan Hickman, that they used to call 'Straight-eye'—I war to have fought him this fall; yu tell him why I can't cum, for no one didn't oughter think I war 'fraid.'

"If the coon says a word agin you,' says I, 'I'll grease my boots with his liver. Is thar anything else?"

""Wal,' says he, 'I guess that's about all.'

"Good-by, then, ole feller,' says I; 'bless yu!' And with that I clapped my pistol to his head, and blew it as small as corn-shucks."

"Good Heaven!" says I, revolted at this cold-blooded butchery, "could you not have spared the man's life, even then?"

"Stranger," replied the old slaughterer,

"Stranger," replied the old slaughterer,

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1869.

may be good for us there.

In the coal pit where Joe worked some of the men would jeer and laugh at him when he said, "It's all for the best." There was a man of the name of Tim, who would miss no chance to laugh at Joe.

One day, as Tim and Joe were getting ready to go down into the deep pit, Joe, who had brought his dinner of bacon and a moment. Before his could take it up, a hungry dog seized it, and ran off.

Tender with him to take her with her dring fance on his collection.

We approached the defile which I mentioned before, at the moment when a flash of lightning illuminated the scene.

A hundred yards in advance we saw Bevis graying a man by the throat. We hur work a flash of lightning a moment. Before he could take it up, a hungry dog seized it, and ran off.

"Ha, ha!" cried Tim, "that's all for the best, is it, Joe? The loss of thy dinner is all for the best, is it, man? Now stick to the creed and say, Yes."

"That are the could take it up, a hungry dog seized it, and ran off.

About 9 o'clock Mrs. R. began to feel a little uneasy, as Miss L. had not yet come, when a servant came up to the house and brought a note from her expected friend, etating that she would be unable to spend

up to heaven, but said not a word.—The

We heard a good joke on a resident of Dog Creek the other day. The party re-ferred to is a bachelor and lives on the wagon road. A few days ago an emigrant wagon from Oregon came along and camped near our friend's place. The head of the family soon made himself acquainted with the proprietor of the premises, and asked him why he didn't have a woman to keep house for him. The answer was that he intended to marry just as soon as he could find a woman willing to enter the bonds of matrimony. The Oregonian remarked that he could find him a partner if he would take her. The bachelor said that was right into his hand, and the emigrant invited him into his camp. The emi-grant called upon a bouncing damsel of about twenty years, and informed her that the gentleman accompanying him was "on the marry," and willing to take her for better or for worse. The day sel, delighted with the prospect, advanced, and, seizing our friend by the hand, assured him that she was glad to see him, and was ready to marry him at the "drop of a hat," while the old lady hastened up to congratuwhile the old lady hastened up to congratu-late her "darter" on her good luck. Sur-prised and alarmed at the serious lufn illat-ters had taken, our friend, who is constitu-tionally opposed to the institution of mat-rimony, endeavored to explain by saying that he was only joking and did not want to marry. At this the Oregonian became indignant, and the would-be bride request-or by father to take his rifle and "darn" ed her father to take his rifle and tionate suggestion the bachelor left for his fortifications, the last thing he heard being the voice of the old lady consoling her "darter" with the remark that it was best to "Iet the bilk go."—Shasta, Cal., Courier. The Grain Speculator.

THE Chicago correspondent of the New

Orleans Republican writes a splcy letter to that paper on the subject of Chicago grain dealers, from which we clip the following: "The 'grain speculator' is a rakish-looking chap, anywhere from twenty-five to fifty, wears the tightest and most striped breeches, mounts a nobby tile and sports the gayest necktie out; drives a team, very natty and fast always—(who ever saw a grain speculator on foot?) 'tools' down in in the evening to the 'Board, and 'tools' up in the evening to hear 'Molly' twank on the piano; lunches at 'Delmonico's' and after dark—let me whisper it very low—is seen going into the 'European' with 'Molly' on his arm—('another bottle for No. 6')—or is seen coming down stairs very late from the neighborhood of 'Aiken's,' muttering something about his great lack

"Whence comes the 'grain speculator,' and whither he goes when he has played himself out, no mortal man knows. He appears suddenly, resplendent in jewels and striped shirts, and like a comet dashes across the horizon of the grain market, and disappears as rapidly after a short, and sometime brilliant career, as he came. The always filled with mirrors and tobacco smoke. He loves with a love that is more than love, all games of chance, and no one ever need spoil for a bet while the 'grain speculator' liveth, as he will stake his botom dollar whenever he has one chance in does everything for a living; always has money and a diamond pin, and wouldn't be a simple child of nature for any consideration. He is first seen seated in an office in the rear of the Chamber of Com-

date the man who sought her ruin, Mrs. - cried to him that if he forced the Laughing scornfully, the ruffian threw his weight against the light door, burst it

open and entered the room-when, quick as thought, the savage dog sprang forward and fastened on his neck. The man, aston-ished at this sudden attack, attempted to kill the dog with a knife which he held in his hand, but unsuccessfully, and the powerful animal dragged him to the ground, still retaining his hold upon his throat. Stunned at first by this unlooked for degained her presence of mind somewhat, ran screaming from the house, never stop-ping until she arrived at the place of the L's, where her cries soon aroused the famran screaming from the house, never stopping until she arrived at the place of the L's, where her cries soon aroused the family. Her tale was rapidly told, and the servants were preparing to go to the scene of danger, when suddenly Mr. L. was missed, and his wife, almost on the instant, as if struck by a guidlen recent interest. In still more pale than the previous evening, he ing, and having paid for his lodging, he took his knapsack and resumed his journey, followed by the greyhound, who had can hothing since their arrival, and whose master seemed to take no further notice of him than to frown when the creature venture of property in their neighborhood, and his wife, almost on the instant, and the continuous master seemed to take no further notice of him than to frown when the creature venture of property in their neighborhood, and divine the localities in which there he refound the man still on the floor, and the dog still grasping his throat. Beating him away from his prey they found the suspicions of Mrs. L. but too correct; it was her husband—but the teeth of the dog had done their work, and he was dead.—Augusta. Ga., Chronicle, July 25.

cently transpired at Moscow. About twenty-one years ago, an infant, only a few months old, was intrusted to a peasant woman in a country village near Moscow, with instructions to bring it up along with her own children, a sufficient sum of money eing deposited for its maintenance. These instructions were faithfully carried out, and the child grew up into a fine, healthy boy, remarkable for quickness and intelligence. The lad gleaned only a portion of his early history from the gossip of the villagers, but was still at fault respecting the name and condition of his parents, his adopted father and mother being as ignorant on these points as himself. When about fifteen years old, the money for his support being expended, the youth proceeded to Moscow and took service with a merchant. He displayed unusual capacity, and was rewarded by promotion and increased pay. From his salary he saved a small capital, and at the end of six years set up a shop and began business on his own account. The youthful proprietor stationed behind his counter nervously awaited the advent of the father and my father, and perceiving that the dog was not dead, we gave him all possible assistance, taking indeed as much care of him as though he had been a child, so much did we feel for him. In two months he was cured, and showed us much affection—we found it impossible, however, to take off his collar, even for the purpose of binding up his wounds. As soon as he was able to walk, he would often go to ward the mountain, and be absent for hours. The second time this occurred, we followed him. He proceeded as far as a part of the road where a narrow defile borders a precipice; there he continued for a long time, smelling and scratching about. We conjectured that the Englishman might have been attacked by robbers on this spot, and his dog wounded in defending the dog was not dead, we gave him all possible assistance, taking indeed as much care of him as though he had been a child, so much did we feel for him. In two months he was cured, and showed us much affection—we found it impossible, however, to take off his collar, even for the purpose of binding up his wounds. As soon as he was able to walk, he would often go to ward the mountain, and be absent for hours. The second time this occurred, and the dog was not dead, we gave him nstructions were faithfully carried out, and his counter nervously awaited the advent of his customers. Two or three casual purchasers drop in in quest of various trifles; wind had occurred in the country, and afand after them comes a matronly but still handsome lady, simply and tastefully attired. She looks attentively at the young dealer for a moment, and then calls him by name. "That is my name, madame," and the calls him by name. at this ceremonious commence ment. "When and where were you born?"

Fruit from California.

To day the Chiegon panded is well used to look and live the warso known. I didn't support the company of the company

a factory; about a mile and a haif my hands in the pockets of most his bone, and every due the boy carried him his dinner across a wide piece of a rich him his dinner across a wide piece of the second of the pockets of the post of the still growling, crouched upon the floor as if ready to spring. Thinking to intimidate the man who sought has a large greyhound, this Bevis, whom you see. He declined taking any refreshments, and asked to be shown to his shown he traveled on foot, and was followed by a ter seemed to console him for the loss of

> occasionally, as if replying to, and sympa-thizing with his master.
>
> "At length we heard the Englishman stop, and apparently strike the dog a blow, for the poor beast gave a loud howl of agony, and seemed as if he ran to take refuge under the bed. Then his master groaned aloud. Soon afterwards he lay down, and all was quiet for the night. Early next morning he came down, looking still more pale than the previous even-

missed, and his wife, almost on the instant, as if struck by a sudden presentiment, screamed, "Merciful God, it must be my husband!" With a cry of horror the party set forth, and ran as fast to the house of Mrs. B. as the latter had run away from it a few minutes before. Arrived there they towards me, "I ran to him, and recognized the En-

glishman's greyhound. His head was torn evidently by a bullet, and one of his paws broken. I raised him in my arms and carried him into the house. When I crossed escape, so I placed him on the ground. Then, in spite of the torture he was suffering, which caused him to stagger every moment, he scrytched at the door of the at the same time so piteously, that I could scarcely help weeping myself. I opened the door, and with a great effort he got into the room, looked about, and not find-

ing whom he sought, he fell down motionter the strictest search no corpse could be discovered. Recollecting, therefore, the manner in which the traveler had treated his dog, I came to the conclusion that he had tried to kill the faithful creature. But

wherefore? This was a mystery which I could not solve.

"Bevis remained with us, testifying the utmost gratitude for our kindness. His intelligence and good humor attracted the strangers who frequented our inn, while the inscription on his collar, and the tale we had to tell of him, failed not to excite ment. "When and where were you born?"
pursues the unknown in an imperious tone
of voice, as if conducting a judicial examination. "At Ivanovo, 21 years ago," responds the youth with some uneasiness, inwardly wondering whether he can have got
himself into any political scrape, or whether
his fair interlocutor is merely amusing herself at his expense. "Are your father and
your mother still alive?" continues the
questioner, with agitation. "I cannot tell.
Of my father I know nothing; and my
mother, they tell me, gave me out to nurse

VOL. XV.-NO. 1.

About decompose, its liquid ing the tissues, and its nolld ing desposited of there on the composition, which slovely and ally reduces the whole to water, acid and amnoais being the prevailed of the control of the con

The dog raised his head, opened his bright eyes, and, laying back his long ears, uttered a sound which might well pass for a salutation.

Mr. Dermann placed the animal's head on his knees and began to unfasten his collar.

Instantly Bevis drew back his head with a violent jerk, and darted toward the luggage on the hind part of the roof. There, growling flereely, he lay down, while his muscles were stiffened, and his eyes glowing with fury.

"You see, monsieur, how determined he is to guard his collar; I should not like to be the man who would try to rob him of the stored in the stored in the moment when a flash of lightning illuminated the scene. A hundred yards in advance we saw Bevis grasping a man by the throat. We hurried on, but the dog had completed his work ere we reached him; for two men, whom I recognized as those who had sought admittance to our inn, lay dead, strangled by his powerful jaws. Further on, we discovered another man, whose bloody wounds the noble dog was licking. The stranger approached him, and gave a convulsive cry; it was Sir Arthur—the master of Bevis!"

The dog raised his head, opened his flash of lightning illuminated the scene. A hundred yards in advance we saw Bevis grasping a man by the throat. We hurried on, but the dog had completed his work ere we reached him; for two men, whose who had sought admittance to our inn, lay dead, strangled by his powerful jaws. Further on, we discovered another man, whose bloody wounds the noble dog was licking. The stranger approached him, and gave a convulsive cry; it was Sir Arthur—the master of Bevis!"

Here M. Dermann paused; the recollections not to sell it, as it would pay better than any investment.

see. He declined taking any fefreshments, and asked to be shown to his sleeping-room. We gave him one over the common hall, where we were all seated around the fire. Presently we heard him pacing taken down his luggage, he asked me to assist the descent of his dog. I shook hands uttering broken words; addressed no doubt to his dog, for the animal moaned his master, placed his large paws on my has a factory in Pawtucket, and Beaver As my fellow-traveler finished the re his master, placed his large paws on my breast, and uttered a low, friendly bark. Shortly after they both disappeared from

A Word for Local Newspapers.

We clip the following from the NewYork Tribune; it is true, and we commend it to meals.

published a reputation abroad, benefit all such, particularly if they are merchants or real estate owners, thrice the amount yearly of the meager sum they pay for their support. Besides every public spirited citizen has a laudable pride in having a

or Washington.

A good looking, thriving sheet help property, gives character to locality, and in many respects is a desirable public con-venience. If from any cause the matter in the local or editorial column should not be to your standard, do not cast it aside supported. And it must not be supported in a spirit of charity either, but because

Know you the hour when Phœbus steals,
From where Aurora blushing lies,
And mounts the heaven on glowing wheels,
And glids the gray of dawning skies? Know you the time when birds begin To carol to the rising sun, When from the woods their jocund din Proclaims the reign of night is done? Know you the moment when the dew Exhales in silvery sighs from blooms Whereon it slept the whole night throu Till Phœbus the wrapt earth illumes?

Know you the moment, time and hour Of daybreak? Well, you do, mayhap, Well, that's the time I feel a power Of pleasure in "that other usp."

A remarkable career has just closed in the death of the late Presi of the Chicago and Northwestern Rail ciers. The poor foundling of a rural poor-house in Central New York, with the secret of his birth never solved; then a bound boy under a flinty-hearted farm-er; and then, through such an unpromising rift, and opening upon life, too scure and worthless to be followed forlorn little scarecrow rushed into life alone. Could anything be more unpromising? Put your own petted, bright-eyed, well clad boy beside him in this picture, and say which shall surest mount

grapes, and other ripic ringit, was in one slipped off my chair, and delivers 20,000 bushels of the special condition.—Chicago Republication of the special condition of the special condition.—Chicago Republication of the s

THE Princess Metternich recently paid a dress-maker's bill of \$240,000 for one season in Paris. THERE has not been a day's interrupti n the operation of the ocean telegraph since July 27, 1866.

FACTS AND PIGURES

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN DEVER WAS

THE Central Park at New York is called the Suicide's Paradise. A CLERGYMAN has recovered \$26,000 for an injury on an English railway.

During the last three years 1,300 horses have perished by fire in New York.

TWENTY-RIGHT young Chinese have arrived in Marseilles to study theology.

port, a factory in Pawtucket, and Beaver Tail Lighthouse, Narragansett Bay. During the sixteen years of the exist-ence of the New York Newsboys' Lodg-ing House, lodging has been furnished 66, 451 different obys; restored to friends, 4,823; furnished with homes, 4,500; and furnished 428,846 lodgings and 283,931 THE annual report of the Augusta (Ga.)

cotton factory shows the following figures as the result of a year's operations: earnings, \$149,763.75; total expenses, \$49, 046.37; net prefits on the year's opera-tions \$120,717.58, on a working capital of THE amount of business transacted i

THE amount of business transacted in the postoffice in New York may be judged by the fact that two windows are open for the sale of stamps in sums less than one dollar. The receipts at each of these windows average \$1,000 per day. The daily consumption of stamps at the office must be in all about \$50,000. REV. THOMAS S. BURNELL and his wife formerly of Northampton, Mass., who have been missionaries in India for the last twenty-one years, recently returned home to Northampton. They were 133 days in going to India when they first went out, and but thirty-eight in return-

and pronounce it good for nothing, until ing, so great has been the improvement in satisfied that there has been no more labor traveling within the last two decades. Two New York ladies stopped their carriage on a crossing. One went into a store and the other remained in the carriage. Two gentlemen wishing to cross the street ordered the coachman to move on. The you feel a necessity to support it. The ordered the coachman to move on. The local press is the power that moves the lady in the carriage told him not to stir. coach-door, and with his boots and spurs stepped through the carriage. He was followed by his companion, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within as well as the lady without. To complete the jest a party of sailors coming up, and relishing the joke, scrambled through the carriage.

THE Newport Mercury relates a capital story of Stuart, the painter, which illustrates finely the power which a secret has to propagate itself, if once allowed a little airing, and to reach a few ears. Stuart had, as he supposed, discovered a secret art of coloring—very valuable. He told it to a friend. His friend valued it very highly, and came a time afterwards to ask permission to communicate it, under oath of eternal secrecy, to a friend of his who needed every possible aid to enable him to

"Let me see," said Stuart, making s chalk mark on a board at hand; "I kno the art, and that is-" "One," said his friend.

"You know it," said Stuart, making another mark by the side of the one already made: "and that is-" "Two," cried the other. "Well, you tell your friend, and tha will be-" making a third mark-"Three only," said the other.
"No," said Stuart, "it is one hundred

and eleven!" (111).